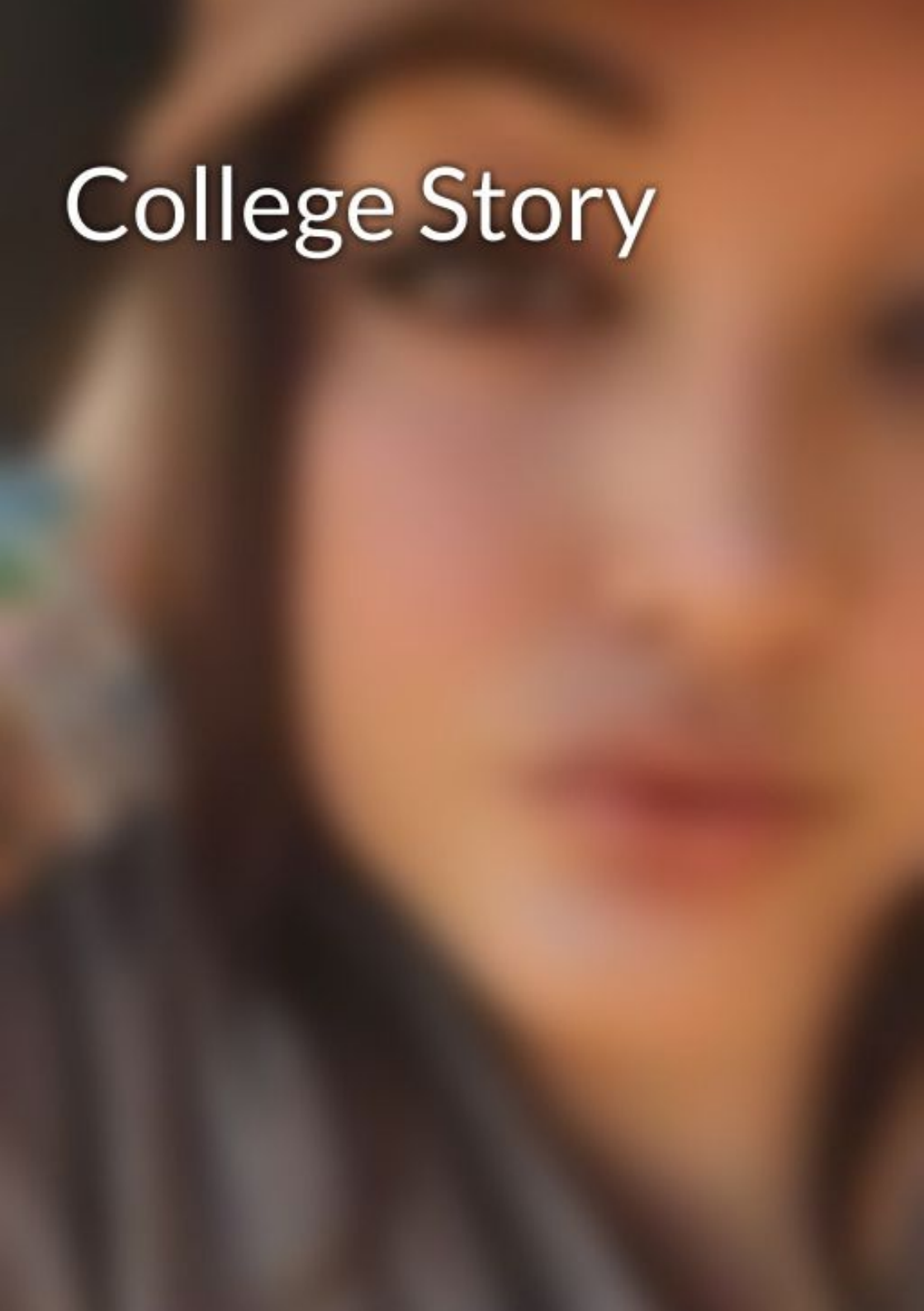
College Story

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College Story

By paige569

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Chapter 1

College Story (chapter 1)

i was bored and just wrote this.... i don't know, i thought it was funny and thought ..'why not?' lol

dont forget to vote and comment if you like <333

ch 1

After graduating from high school, I never would have imagined that this is where I would be spending my college days. In a drab town with a population less then two-thousand and in the middle of no where. I mean come on, a freaking tumble weed just rolled past me and I'm in the middle of town.

I always pictured college life so differently, parties, hot guys, college bands; all done in the hours after studying of course. All of my friends had gone on to attend high end schools in either Texas or New York and I was stuck here . I must have applied to at least thirty schools and got accepted into half of them, but of course this one had to offer a full scholarship. My parents weren't what you would call rich so when they read the words free college education, my future was pretty much planed out for me.

This was supposed to be the best experience of my life and so far the best experience I had here was..... None! I haven't even had one good experience. So this pretty much sums up reason number one for hating this school.

I let out a heavy sigh before walking up the narrow steps and passing the big mahogany doors that led into the dim hallways of Dorian University. I truely hated my Tuesday night class. It seemed there were never any students here at night and frankly this school freaked me out. In every shadow and around every corner there appeared to be something

lurking. I always felt like I was being watched and expected a ghost to jump out at any moment and... well what I don't know exactly. I mean when you think about it what do we think a ghost would actually want with us? It seems so silly, what are they going to lock us in a classroom and run there transparent hands through our bodies? That doesn't even make sense.

I shook my head back and forth, I always had an over active imagination and this was around the time I tried to remind myself that I was getting carried away. I was 18 years old and still slept with the night light on-need I say more, although I would never admit to it, publicly that is. I mean seriously if my dorm mate told you anything she's crazy! Atleast that's going to be my defense if word ever got out.

Walking into Mrs. Limpkin's classroom I remembered reason number two for hating this school. She was a short chubby little woman with butter colored teeth and horrible breath. Something she was apparently unaware of seeing how she dressed her lips in the brightest shade of red lip stick

and was a VERY close talker. How I refrained from gagging when she never failed to greet me every Tuesday as I walked into her classroom was beyond me. I hastily made my way towards my favorite seat in the back of the class when I noticed in was already occupied.

I had been sitting there for the past month and now some guy I had never met before was sitting in my precious seat. He had on a dark hooded sweatshirt that was shadowing his face. Great, reason number three for hating this school, seat stealers!

I stood there for a few minutes tapping my foot impatiently while resting my hand on my hip. You know the classic scorned women pose. I even throughout a heavily emphasized sigh so he would really get the picture.

He continues to stare past me like I wasn't even standing there and what was with the hood? What look was he aiming for; I'm Mr. Mysterious look at me, look at me.

I waited patiently until I couldn't take it anymore.

"Umm excuse me," I said annoyed.

He tilted his head up just slightly. He didn't say anything so I guess this was his way of recognizing my presence. I still couldn't see his face so I had no idea what his expression was saying.

"You're in my seat," I said while motioning my hand towards his- MY chair irritably. I hated acting like a bitch, but hey it had been a long day and I already wasn't thrilled to be here in the first place, that chair was all I had going for me.

I could see a slight smile tug on the corners of his mouth as he pulled his hood down revealing his unbelievably gorgeous face. My god was he good looking. He belonged in a Calvin Kline add not sitting in Mrs. Dead breath's class. He ran his hands through his thick dark hair and even as he brushed it back it fell right back into place with its silkiness. He was also staring at me with the bluest eyes that were rimmed with specks of grey and were now inches away from mine.

I hadn't even noticed he had stood up. Embarrassed I cleared my throat and wondered how long I had been staring at him.

"My apologies," he said while breathing out a laugh.

The rows of chairs were narrow so as he slid past me it was impossible for our bodies not to touch, when his chest brushed against mine it sent my body into a wild frenzy.

I hereby revoke reason number three. Maybe I had a reason to like this school after all.

I sat down in my reclaimed seat and looked around the room for Mr. Mysterious. Finally spotting him, I noticed he was now seated across the room and next to Melissa Miller. The biggest bitch here at school. Well that's just great.

Her eyes darted to mine and gave me a smug smile. I rolled my eyes and looked towards the front of the class. Well he was cute, but that seemed as far as it would go with me and mystery boy. Once she dug her claws into him he was definitely out of my reach for good.

She was a local girl and was probably miss prom queen. You know the type, mess with her they make your life a living hell. You'd think college changed all of the high school politics and drama. That everyone came to college all of a sudden grown up and civilized adults. Well if you thought that then you would be wrong. College was high school all over again, just with a mixture of different kids and different prom queens all thrown into one school.

"Okay class today we will be going over parametric equation and doing problems 1-297 in your college calculus book, so get out several sheets of papers and sharpen your pencils." Mrs. I hate her guts Limpkin said cheerily.

I nearly groaned in my seat.

Reason number 3 for hating this school parametric equations problems 1-297.

Chapter 2

College Story (chapter 2)

okay so here's chapter 2.. i dont know why this just made me laugh.. i'm not one who usually laughs at my own jokes, but me and my sis were cracking up i hope you guys like this story because i'm really enjoying writing it

please comment and bvote you guys!!! :))))))

love you all fans non fans whoever reads :)))

ch 2

After the hell that is calculus class passed I scurried out of the room as fast as she said class dismissed. I was still a little embarrassed from practically

drooling over mystery boy and didn't want to deal with any unnecessary face to face time. Though I doubted that he was going to run over to chat with me anytime soon.

The entire duration of the class Melissa Miller had all but given him a lap dance. Tossing her blond hair over her tiny frame and laughing relentlessly at any little thing he said. It was so pathetic and disgusting the way he seemed to fall for her pathetic antics in attempt to catch his attention.

I knew what she was doing though, her conniving little brain was spinning its evil wheels and plotting how she was going to make him hers and in the process letting us know he was off limits because she had claimed him for herself. Well good riddance was all I had to say.

I mean sure he had the most perfect lips and there was the way his cheek bones looked masculine and rigid under the slight stubble that covered his face making him look utterly sexy with a fierce edge, but that didn't mean I was going to reduce myself into throwing myself all over him.

Right?

I mean I was better than that and it's not like he would ever go for me anyway. Guys like that liked girls like Melissa Miller and that was just the way it went. It was a lesson you learned when the high school prom comes around and your date falls through so last minute you end up taking your cousin Harold instead.

I let out a long sigh at the memory. Yeah definitely not a highlight of my glory days that I'll be sharing with the future grand kids that's for sure.

I went into the bathroom to freshen up splashing cold water on my face. I pulled a hair tie off my wrist and threw my hair into a messy pony tail. I glanced in the mirror and began studying myself. I was alright, I suppose. I had dark brown hair and fairly light colored skin. I was blessed with my mother's bone structure and my cheeks always had a natural glow about them. My eyes were the one thing I truly liked about myself. They were big and brown framed with long dark lashes that saved me money on ever having to buy mascara.

The only difference from me and most girls was I didn't fancy myself up in lip gloss and heavy liner, it just wasn't my style. I didn't spend an hour getting ready or pay a fortune for my wardrobe, I....-

My thoughts wre interrupted by a stream of squealed giggling coming from outside in the hall.

I knew that high pitched laugh and it sent a chill down my spine like nails on a chalk board. I walked out of the restroom and of course there was Melissa Miller standing in front of hot new mystery boy practically pinning him against the wall.

He glanced up and met my gaze and I quickly averted my eyes and walked in the opposite direction.

That was so typical. Of course they were getting along so quickly. No matter how much I liked my eyes, I'm sure they were in no competition to her ass that was hanging out of her tiny shorts.

Forgetting all about them I made my way down the creepy hallway to the even creepier library. Not only had Mrs. Limpkin made us do nearly three-hundred

problems in class, she also assigned another two-hundred for homework so it was going to be a long night. The assignment wasn't due till next weak, but I wanted to just get it out of the way.

I pulled my book out and went to get a water bottle from the vending machine when reason number three for hating this school came scrambling towards me.

Why me? I said silently while looking up at the ceiling.

"Hey Laney?" God he smelled like corn nuts. How do you even manage to smell entirely of corn nuts? It's so weird.

"Hi Steve." I said with a forced smile. I didn't encourage him, but I didn't have the heart to be mean to him either.

I had met Steve my first day here and hadn't been able to dodge him since.

Steve combed his light brown hair to the side in a very neat I'm from the fifties fashion. He then topped it off with thick glasses that did nothing for his face

and made his eyes look at least twice as large; which was kind of unsettling.

I know what your thinking, poor guy right. Well it gets worse. He's in the chess club, on the math team and no matter what wears Dockers and a crisp tucked in shirt.

Steve is the stereotypical class A nerd . His super sweet, but frankly a little bit annoying.

I took some change out of my pocket and pressed the button for a water.

"So can I help you with anything Steve?" I asked with raised eyebrows. Like I said before I wasn't going to be mean to him, but I wanted to get the message clear that there was no way in hell anything would ever happen between us.

Completely ignoring my tone he replied eagerly, "Well I was wondering, if you wanted to ... maybe go to the cafeteria with me later on and... get something to eat?" he was looking at the ground and nervously shuffling his feet together.

He was almost cute in a lost puppy sort of way. Only imagine this lost puppy was missing a leg and no matter how cute and sorry you feel, it's just too hard getting pass that missing leg.

"Sorry Steve, I already ate. Maybe another time." Shit why'd I say that.

As soon as those words left my mouth I instantly regretted it. His face went from disappointment to utter enthusiasm in seconds.

"Yeah, any time just let me know." he smiled broadly.

I grimaced back and told him I had a lot of work to do and would see him around.

I would worry about that later. In the mean time, I really did have a lot of work to do.

****

I woke up groggily to the loud thrumming of a vacuum. I looked around notcing i was surrounded by book's and a wierd janitor guy who was staring at me strangely. I must have fallen asleep in the library i thought.

I reached for my phone while yawning and saw that it was 2:30 am.

Shit I had to be up for class in four hours.

I gathered my belongings and headed out the back entrance of the library and towards the dorms.

It was extremely dark out and the only light that guided my way in the dark and towards the dorm was the flicker of the dancing street light each about 15 feet away from each other leaving a small gap of darkness in between.

I was halfway there when one of the street lights started sparking. It must be a fuse and just as I was thinking that, every street light went out one by one.

Crap!

My heart began racing in my chest when I heard leaves crunching behind me.

Oh my god, I knew it, I was going to die. This was how it was all going to end. Just like in one of those cheap scary movies.

College student falls asleep in the library, on her way back the lights mysteriously go off, she hears the sound of approaching footsteps and decides to make a run for it, but of course the killer is always faster and before you know it. You're dead.

Well I'll be dammed if I'm going out like that! I could still hear the footsteps coming closer. Every crunch of the leaves hitting me like an explosion.

So I did what I had to do.

I turned around to face the culprit head on and ran towards him at full speed.

I crashed into him sending us both falling to the ground. He grunted something like what are you doing, but I paid no mind as I fought to keep him pinned down.

I was going to be a hero.

That's when all the lights came back on and I saw that I was staring face to face with Mr. Mysterious.

Holly mother of god!

"Your not a serial murderer are you?" I asked already knowing the answer.

Still straddling him I might add.

"No I'm not." he laughed.

Reason number four for hating this school, watching one too many scary movies and imagining non existent serial killers coming after you in the night.

Dame!

Well, I told you I had an over active imagination.

Chapter 3

College Story (Chapter 3)

okay you guys this is a little short, but please vote :))))

and comment!! i love comments!!! i love knowing what you have to say!!!!!!

hopefully it's good stuff lol ;)

the next chap will be longer so dont worry :))

chapter 3

****

Okay so where did we leave off?

Oh yeah I had just pummeled the new hottest guy in school. Well I thought I was in fear of my life, don't

tell me you wouldn't have done the same thing. I mean it's amazing the things you are capable of when your life is being threatened. Trust me I have stories.

"Ummm, could you get off of me?" he asked.

NO.

"Yeah of course," I said scooting off of him, "I'm so sorry by the way, I thought you were a murderer," okay maybe I should have just left it at sorry because the weird look he's giving me is definitely not a good one.

Than a small smile played at the corners of his mouth. His beautiful, kissable mouth.

"Actually," he said alluringly, "I'm a vampire." he narrowed his eyes and took a small step towards me.

What the hell.

I started backing away, I mean my fantasy was always having my very own Edward, but now that it's happening I'm not so sure. I mean what if he's more of a James than an Edward. Oh my god I'm

freaking out. I think I'm starting to sweat and I can't breath.

"Hey, relax I was just kidding." he laughed, clearly amused.

Son of a bitch.

Man there went that crazy imagination again.

"Oh yeah I knew that." I lied laughing it off.

Well this isn't awkward.

"Well.... I guess I'll see you around, sorry again about jumping on you."

I started walking away.

"So that's it?' he asked.

"Huh?"

"You just attacked me and all I get is a 'sorry I'll see you around'." he teased.

Was he flirting with me.

"err I'm REALLY sorry?" I asked. I didn't know what he wanted from me.

"Well how about a kiss? I think maybe for a kiss I might somehow

find it in my heart to forgive you." he said.

Okay was this not the same guy who I just saw letting Melissa Miller fawn all over him just hours ago. Why would he want a kiss from me? ME!

This opportunity was too big to pass up. I never kissed a gorgeous guy before. I've had my fair share of kisses, but from high school boys, this guy was a real guy with muscles, luscious lips, and....

"OKAY!" I blurted out before I had a chance to talk myself out of it.

I can't believe this is happening. Maybe this school doesn't suck and I just needed to let it grow on me and right now it is most definitely growing on me.

He walked towards me looking utterly handsome and placed his hands on either side of my face.

I tried reminding myself to breath and was having much difficulty. His eyes were drawing me in till I could feel his breath fan my face and he smelt like

cinnamon. Cinnamon I wanted to devour until there was nothing left.

His lips brushed lightly against mine and I lend in deeper for more only he stepped away with a mischievous look about him.

"Thanks." he laughed pulling out a piece of paper and scribbling something down.

"I didn't think I'd get all twenty done in one night, but then I ran into you- or I guess you ran into me," he laughed, "and the opportunity was too good to pass up."

He wasn't even looking at me as he text something into his phone before shutting it again and sliding into his pocket, but he was obviously pleased with himself.

I on the other hand was totally confused.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

Before he could answer about thirty guys came rushing in from all directions laughing and clearly

drunk. Each was wearing long burgundy robes with the school logo imprinted on the chest.

OH MY GOD this was not what I think it was. Please, please, please this is not happening to me.

"Hey Jason you finished in one night," the guy I knew as Ethan said admiringly as he ran up to Mr. Mysterious whom I'm guessing is the proud owner of the name Jason, and patted him roughly on the back, "no one ever finishes the list in one night, you set like a record or something."

Did everyone forget I was even standing here. Hello!

"What. Is. Going. On!" I said angrily through my teeth.

Ethan spoke up first, "Jason here was trying to get into our frat house and just did."

They all cheered and chanted Jason's name like he was some kind of god.

"I don't understand what this has to do with me!" I shouted; although I did know. I knew exactly what this had to do with me, I just needed to hear it to

believe it. I had heard rumors about these kind of stupid initiation rituals where they made the new comer set off and get as many tasks done in one night as possible.

"Jason had to get twenty girls to kiss him and you were the twentieth," Ethan laughed. Then they all started laughing and I could feel my face burn with fury and embarrassment.

Bastard!

God Laney you had to let him kiss you and sick, twenty girls. I felt like throwing up.

I glared at Jason. Jason, a name that was now burned into my mind.

No one gets away with embarrassing me like this and he would not have the last laugh either.

Reason number five for hating this school frat house's and initiation rituals that involve me and embarrassment.

I gave one menacing look at Jason before walking away. He looked so happy laughing and on top of the

world, lost in the crowed of drunk and obnoxious frat boys.

I never had an arch enemy before and one that looked like that.. Snap out of it Laney remember what he just did to you, he used you in a game to get into some stupid frat house. I became angrier by the second.

Oh yeah he was going down.

Chapter 4

College Story (Chapter 4)

vote and comment

PLzzzzz

happy HAPPY happy

:)))))))))))))))))) :)))))))))))) :)))))))))))))))))))) :))))))))))))))))

lolz i'm bored! loz

****

"Beep, Beep!"

"Ughhh..." I groaned while slamming my hand down on the snooze button and covering my head with my pillow.

When I had finally made it back to my dorm last night it was close to 3:30 am.

It is now 7:00 am.

You could only imagine how tired I am.

A girl does need her beauty sleep and a girl plotting and planning the end to Jason ....Blank's? fun and jolly filled frat days, needs a good nights rest even more. I really had my work cut out for me. (you know, that would have sounded so much cooler if I had known his last name.)

I new relatively nothing about this guy except that he's a jerk. In order to properly get back at someone you need to know a few things about them.

Where there from, where they went to school, social security number... well okay we don't need to go that far. I'm not going to get back at him by giving him bad credit.

Getting back at someone is really harder than it seems. You really have to give it up to the Dr. Evil's and Joker's of the world because they make it look so easy and really it's a lot of hard work. That's why I

picked up this book on my way back to my dorm last night, "Revenge For Dummies."

So basically there's three basic guide lines you have to fallow in the sanctity of getting even against some one who has wronged you.

1)Firstly, you have to be organized and have a good strategy. You are nothing with out a strategy.

2) Secondly, you need to have some really good dirt or something they want and remember you always have to be one step ahead of the game or Bam everything can be ruined as fast as Bam see what women the second Bam came out of no where. On your Toes People!

(And I'm not shouting at you, that's just what it says.)

3) Lastly, you must remember at all times, that HE is the enemy! If you let yourself forget that for one second, there's no telling what can happen.

As you could see, I really have my work cut out for me. What with being a full time college student I would have to do it on my off time because I had class and school came first. I was here on a

scholarship and couldn't afford to let my grade falter in the slightest.

Grabbing my toiletries I headed down the hall to the dorm showers to get a quick rinse in before class. Normally I wouldn't have bothered, but this is one class I would not show up to looking like I just rolled out of bed and here's the reason why, Professor Matt Sheppard. He is ultimately one gorgeous man. He's tall, with dark brown eyes and thick dark hair he is constantly running his fingers through in the most alluring way.

I know what your thinking it's unhealthy for a girl to crush on one of her Professors, but that's all it is, it's just a crush.

I pulled on my favorite pair of jeans and a black tank top, it was 7:45 so I wouldn't have time for breakfast. I swung my bag over my shoulder and remembered to grab my hooded sweatshirt before running out the door in a hurry. He might be one hot professor, but he still didn't tolerate tardiness.

I ran out the door and down the steps. I was trying to put my arms through the sleeves of my sweater while

balancing my bag at the same time as I turned the corner and ran right smack into somebody's arms.

Let's just say I was far from thankful when I looked up and was staring right into Mr. mysterious beautiful, mesmerizing eyes. Wait what? Remember Laney rule number three! Enemy, enemy! I meant his disgusting blue eyes, seriously they were so blue it was sickening.

Okay who am I fooling they were lovely.

Reason number six for hating this school small town, small campus too easily able to run into enemy unintentionally.

"Can't seem to get enough of me can you?" he asked in an over confident smirk.

"Yes," I said sarcastically, "that's exactly what it is. What girl doesn't love being used at the expense of gaining entry into a frat house." I said crudely.

"Hey, it's not like you didn't get anything out of it."

"What are you talking about?" I fumed.

"Ah come on, a kiss from me was worth it wouldn't you say." he said cheekily.

Was this guy serious? Sure he was gorgeous, but really that self evolved .

I was about to spew a long list of profanities his was, words I might mention that should never leave a ladies mouth when a heard of girls came rushing in.

"Hey Jason." the girl said all batty eyed.

Okay this was sickening just too watch.

"Yeah Jason, when you going to take me out?" asked another ridiculous girl.

His face was all too satisfied over having these girls throw themselves all over him so I knew I found at least one of his weaknesses.

"Yeah Jason," I said, "When you going to take her out." I pretended to look hurt.

I turned my attention towards her, "I just hope after he tells you he loves you like he told me, you don't walk into your dorm only to find him in the midst of sleeping with your dorm mate who is supposed to be

your best friend." I finished on the verge of fake tears.

Thank you high school drama class.

"What are you talking about!" he said through his teeth.

"Oh okay, so your going to pretend you didn't break my heart?"

I watched the girls faces turn from pure adoration to disgust before retreating back the way they had came.

HA!

Laney 1- Jason 1.

"Look here girly, you don't know who your messing with." he growled.

No I don't think you know who your messing .

I smiled innocently before heading off towards my class. Maybe we were even now I thought. Sure he kissed me to get into a frat house, but I had body slammed him to the ground. Plus he looked pretty embarrassed back there and I'm not a hateful person

who thrives on ruining someone's day and I probably ruined a whole months worth of dating for him back there with a single blow.

Maybe I could find him later and apologize later I thought while walking into Bio class.

"Ah. Ms. ADAMS and I assume your Mr. Fredrick's your late to my class." Mr. Hotness said sternly.

Hu, Mr. Fredrick's?

I turned around and there was mystery boy standing right behind me. He was also smiling at me with a wicked glint in his eye.

He threw his arm over my shoulder.

What was he doing?

"Oh sorry Mr. Sheppard, Laney here just couldn't keep her hands off me this morning," my head snapped up and gave him a look so cold I was surprised he didn't turn to stone, "I thought she had enough last night, but I guess not." he said while planting a kiss on my cheek.

Oh you piece of crap!

Jason 2-Laney 1.

To think I had felt bad! And why in front of Mr. Hotness, why not in

Mrs. Dead breath's class, I dint care what she thought about me.

"I'll ask you two too keep your personal life outside of class please." said Mr. Hotness while giving me an odd look. He looked especially dreamy today in his white lab coat, how could someone so handsome teach college Bio.

Blushing I quickly elbowed Jason in the ribs to get his arm off of me and went to take an empty seat where I saw Melissa Miller cutting me with her icy glare.

God weren't there any other classes these people could take.

Jason walked past me with a satisfied look plastered all over his smug face.

Okay so obviously I needed to go about this another way. I was going to get no where playing little games back and forth, I needed something good on this guy.

Something that would really do some damage and I knew just the person to help me do it.

Chapter 5

College Story (Chapter 5)

okay so heres chapter 5 of the college story!!!!

vote and comment of you want... i want you to lol

****

Bio class was less than entertaining unless you counted the rare moments when Mr. Hotness had to get supplies out of the bottom shelf that was conveniently located in the front of the class and giving us a delicious view of his yummy backside.

Hey I'm not a pig, he was the one putting it out there on display.

And I wasn't the only one looking either. If you took a look around the class more than half was filled with drooling females much like myself. Half of which aren't even majoring in anything bio related.

The few male exceptions of the class including Jason had nothing on Professor Sheppard. Sure Jason had flawless features and a perfect sculpted body, but Professor Sheppard was hot on a whole new level

His eyes were deep and held a certain amount of mystery that left you wanting more and not to mention his tall lengthy build.....

"Miss Adams?"

.....And his chiseled cheek bones and creamy tan colored skin that looked like he spent all summer long laying out in the hot son. What I wouldn't give to be that sun pouring my warmth all over that perfect .....

"Miss Adams!"

"Hu?" I asked confused.

"I asked you to name three organisms that belong to the Arthropod Phylum."

"Ummm..."

Crap, I didn't actually pay attention in this class.

Reason number seven for hating this school, day dreaming about sexy bio teacher and not knowing the answer when sexy bio teacher calls on you.

"A shrimp, a spider and a butterfly," said a very smug voice.

Jason that son of a bitch. How dare he. Technically this didn't count so it was still Laney 1 Jason 2. Sure he was in the lead, but I had plans just you wait and see.

Mr. Sheppard gave Jason a very approving look before turning his attention back to me.

"At least someone is paying attention in my class." he sighed, " Miss Adams when class is dismissed I think you should stay behind so we can have a private chat."

He sounded so serious and not even a hint of a warm friendly smile appeared on his face. Great.

Though that didn't stop every eye on every female and even a couple of the guys from shooting jealous glares at me.

"err, okay Mr. Sheppard." I said meekly.

I tried to focus on things in the class room, the projection board, bio posters that were plastered on nearly every inch of available wall space, microscopes, the chemical supply room, anything that didn't remind me of having to meet one on one with Mr. Hotness after class.

It was suddenly becoming very hot in here and I peeled my sweater off to be reunited with the cool breeze from the air ventilation duct.

The thought of being alone with him was a little unnerving, I just hoped it would be a fast scolding, in and out before I had a chance to make a bigger fool out of myself.

I also had to have a chat with Steve about digging up some dirt on Jason. Just the thought of what I was

going to have to do for his help gave me a slight shudder.

Steve may be a nerd, but he's still a guy and I'm sure his help would come with a price that he would use full to his advantage.

This is one case, where a nerd having their eye on you might come in handy. Steve was a nice guy and it's not like I was using him. It's just that his computer skills and researching capabilities were just what I needed in order to make Jason pay.

Just imagining the information that awaited me gave me a since of pleasure. Guys like Jason always had some buried secret they wanted kept hidden.

I turned around in my seat and gave Jason a friendly smile. He looked confused at first by my pleasantness and I didn't blame him. Then his face soon became guarded and weary the more I stared.

Yes Jason Fredrick's, this is no friendly smile. This is me smiling at the thought of victory soon being mine. I even laughed evilly inside my head for the proper affect.

Geez what was happening to me? I only knew this guy for two days and I'm already laughing evil laughs, plotting and recruiting an innocent bystander into helping me with my schemes.

I needed to make sure I didn't take this too far, at this rate people could get hurt.

"Okay class dismissed."

Everyone started leaving the room and I took the opportunity to try and bolt out the door before I was noticed.

Then I felt a warm hand clasp around my shoulders slightly pulling me back.

"Miss. Adams, didn't I ask you to see me after class?" he was smiling now and I was locked on his face and the way his lips pulled over around his mouth revealing perfect teeth.

Okay think of Steve, think of Jason Laney you could get through this.

He started walking towards me with a very cool seductive stride and I backed up until I slammed against the door.

"Are you okay Laney? You look nervous." he said registering probably my horrified expression. And did he call me Laney, what happened to Miss. Adams?

Just as I was about to ask, his cell rang and he walked across the room to take it.

"Oh.... yes I see." I heard him muttering to someone on the other line.

He snapped it shut and swung his laptop carrier over his shoulder.

"Actually I have to be some where at the moment, but we need to have this conversation, so how about you come by my office tonight around hmmm 8 o' clock okay."

8 o' clock!

"Umm, okay Professor Sheppard."

"Please, Max, were not in class anymore," he smiled.

He was still staring at me and my feet felt glued to the ground.

He cleared his throat with the same sexy grin on his face.

"Uh Laney?"

"Yeah?" I said softly.

"Your blocking the door."

Crap!

I quickly moved out of his way and let him pass. When I fallowed a few minutes later I saw Mr. Hotness turning the corner and on the other side of the hall across from me was Jason standing there with a cocky grin on his face.

"So Miss Adams or should I say Laney, I mean were not in class anymore 'call me Max.'" he was roaring with laughter and I could feel me cheeks blush scarlet. What was he spying on me?

"What do you want Jason?" I asked annoyed.

"How about a truce?" his face looked so innocent, I almost wanted

to believe him.

"Really a truce? Why would I do that?" i asked.

"Because," he leaned down and whispered in my ear." the feel of his breath rolling off my neck made me shudder, "You can never win against me." he laughed.

"Well will just see about that," I challenged, "Now if you don't mind," I said shoving him backwards, "I have things to so." I said hotly and stomped away.

"Don't come crying to me, I gave you a chance to walk away," he shouted after me stll laughing.

Now for my second conquest of the day. Where was good old Steve?

Where most nerds were I found him in the chess room with about 6 other guys closely resembling his sad self.

"Hey Steve," I smiled while taking a daring step into the small room.

When I walked in his head shot up eyes wide with shock, I almost

flinched back from the way the glasses made them look like they were going to jump out and eat me.

"Laney." he said like he didnt belive is own eyes, even though i was more than positive those glasses didn't lie about anything.

He shot up out of his chair and attempted to gracefully make his way towards me, but ended up running into a pile of chess boards and sending the entire pile crashing to the floor with him included.

Poor Steve. The picture of that one legged dog came popping back into my mind.

He quickly tried to shake it off like nothing happened and came walking towards me smiling sheepishly.

"So what brings you down here?" he asked. It was cute, I could tell he was trying to keep his voice cool and failing to hide the obvious excitement in his voice.

that's when it hit me that freaking corn nut smell. Mother of god I'm going to personally buy this kid some cologne.

Reason number eight for hating this school, corn nuts! who the hell invented corn nuts and why?

I sucked in a breath and said, "Well I was wondering if you still wanted to grab something to eat in the cafeteria like you asked?"

His face lit up brighter than a Christmas tree and I had to admit he had a nice smile. Maybe the only good thing going for him. I also noticed the other nerds faces, full of jealousy and envy. He would probably from this day on be god to all nerds.

"Yeah sure just let me grab my stuff." he said excitedly.

"Great," I smiled.

Well my plans are finally being set into motion. I was pretty sure it would take little to convince Steve into helping me.

Jason Fredrick's you're going down.

That's one thing out of the way, now what the hell am I going to do with my meeting with Mr. Hotness????

Chapter 6

College Story (Chapter 6)

Vote and comment the next chapter is way better MORE JASON!!!!!

****

chapter 6

We sat in the large dining hall that was packed with a number of college students trying to sneak in a quick meal between classes. Some were slumped over with their heads lying restlessly on the table top and others completely enthralled into their text books as they stuffed mounds of food into their mouths.

One kid was actually scooping and mouthing and there wasn't even any food left on his plate.

I let out an exasperated sigh, I mean don't get me wrong I took college seriously-mostly, but some of these kids were really starting to lose it.

I looked up and saw Steve walking towards the table carrying two trays. There was an extra bit of happiness to his step and when he sat down he gave me a huge smile. Why Steve I thought miserably. Was it too much to ask for a normal guy to take an interest in me. A normal good looking guy like Jason, (only not an asshole), with his sexy green eyes and dark hair that hung around his face naturally perfecting his already exquisite looks.

I started thinking about how my heart raced when he had kissed me that night, it was a wonderful kiss and then bitterly ruined by his gang of assholes-himself included when he used me to complete his tasks to get into that stupid frat house. Now he was my enemy and going to regret the day he ever went to this school.

"I'm really glad you decided to hang out with me Laney," he said shyly.

"Oh umm... sure Steve," I said trying to force out something other than my grim expression.

I thought it would end there, but I saw the determination in his eyes.

"You know Laney," his cheeks turned a slight shade of pink, "I've been meaning to ask you something for a long time."

OH GOD! He was looking down at his tray and I think he was actually starting to sweat.

Well I was going to save us both the humiliation. Plus with him on the topic of asking each other things I could quickly take hold of the conversation and rope it my way.

I in fact did have a favor to ask him, the actual reason for this so called lunch/ dinner date.

"So would you?" he asked.

"Hu?" did I miss something?

"Want to go out sometime?"

Oh my god, how long was I talking to myself for?

"Oh umm, as soon as I have a free night Steve, you know how college is and I'm here on scholarship I really can't be spending my time chasing after cute guys like you," okay that was hard, " I got to concentrate on my schooling." I said firmly with just a tad bit of disappointment. It was the nicest way I could let this guy down and

I was sure he would definitely help me after this.

"Oh, yeah umm," his mouth was practically hanging open and his cheeks went from pink to bright red.

'So anyway Steve I was wondering if you would want to do me a favor?" I said smiling my most... well I was trying to look sexy okay and it seemed to be working because Steve gulped loudly.

"Anything," he said quickly and without hesitation.

"Well for our Sociology class were doing an assignment on peoples back grounds and I'm absolutely terrible with research assignments and I was wondering if you could help me find some information on someone?"

That wasn't a total lie.

"Yeah no problem that's easy," he said.

"Okay how about tomorrow around 4:00 pm we meet up at the library."

"Yeah sure, that sounds great." He seemed really excited about this.

"Okay well I got to go; I have a meeting with Professor Sheppard in his office in about twenty minutes." I said with a mixture of fear and excitement. I didn't know what to think about this meeting and frankly it scared the shit out of me. Alone in a room, at night, with a hot guy, wait scratch that hot teacher who asked me to call him by his first name! I don't know about you, but in every movie I've ever seen this usually leads to some strange teacher student affair and... god when am I going to stop using movie references for real life. The last time I checked that didn't work out so well the last time.

I got up to go when I realized I didn't even know where his office was.

"Hey Steve, do you know where Professor Sheppard's office is?"

"Yeah I'll show you I need to go to the lab anyway."

He tossed our stuff into the trash and began to walk next to me. I tried to walk a few feet ahead so people wouldn't get any ideas. I know this sounds mean, but the last thing I needed is to be linked with Steve. Jason could use something like that against me and I couldn't risk the slightest indiscretion no matter how ridiculous it may seem.

We walked up a flight of stairs to an older part of the building where the paint was chipped and the lights were dimly lit. There was no one around besides a janitor mopping across the hall.

When we reached his office it was dark inside and the hallway was cold and drafty. I was only wearing a tank top realizing I must have left me sweater in the dining hall.

"Do you want to wait inside?" Steve asked noticing my slight shudder from the drafty hallway.

"Do you think he would mind?" I asked.

"No, he's a cool guy. We work together in the lab together all the time." Steve said very matter of fact.

We walked into the dark room and the door swung shut automatically. Did I mention I hate the dark? Well I do.

"Steve! Where's the light switch?" I asked frantically.

"I don't know it's around here somewhere."

We both fumbled along the wall looking for the switch when something brushed against me or maybe I brushed against it I wasn't sure I just knew it freaked me the hell out and sent me scrambling throughout the room screaming frantically, bumping into Steve and knocking off his glasses.

"My glasses, I can't see without them."

Oh really I never would have guessed you couldn't see without those glasses I though sarcastically. They were basically like an extra set of eyes with the way they magnified his to twice the size.

We were stumbling around completely blind -for Steve literally, still trying to find the switch when

throughout the confusion Steve stumbeled into a piece of furniture slamming into me.

He was trying to block his fall when I felt a pair of hands on my chest and a loud cracking pierced the air.

"Steve!" I yelled trying to slap his hands away from groping me.

At that exact moment the door burst open knocking me against the wall with Steve's hands still intact.

I. was. horrified.

Standing right in front of us was not only Professor Hotness, but Jason Fredrick's. And here I stood with Steve the biggest nerd in the history of the universe with both of his hands on either one of my boobs.

Fuck! I mentally shouted, no I screamed inside my head!

I pushed Steve away wishing someone would just shoot me.

Jason stood there with a grin spread across his face, while professor Sheppard looked appalled. I could

only imagine what he thought of me seeing how Jason pulled that stunt in his class room earlier.

Reason number nine for hating this school.... Do I really have to say this one?

I looked at the ground to see broken shards of glass scattered in a small pile.

"Steve," I sighed, "I think I found your glasses."

****

Vote and comment people!!!!!

Chapter 7

College Story (Chapter 7)

hello here is chapter 7 of college story leaving off fom Laney's last compromising situation lol

Vote and commet you guys :))))

****

I closed my eyes hoping that when I opened them I would be back home in sunny California never having gone to Dorian University that was proving to be my very own personal version of hell.

Slowly I opened my eyes, momentarily blinded by a bright shining light. At first I thought it had worked and the glorious California sun was shining down on

my face, but then my vision came into focus and it was just the fluorescent lighting coming from Professors Sheppard's office.

I glanced out the window and saw that it was another dark and gloomy night in the small town of Dorian. The wind blew fiercely against the bare trees that had long lost its leaves and somewhere a tumble weed was rolling its way through this ghost of a town.

I looked straight ahead to see a smirking Jason and a somber

Professor Sheppard standing before me.

What the heck was Jason even doing here? It was bad enough Professor Sheppard had to witness this humiliating and misleading situation with me and Steve, but why Jason?

In truth I didn't know him very well, but judging from the evil orra that rolled off his cocky self it wasn't hard to figure out he lived for moments like this.

He would never let me live this moment down and nobody else for that matter. He probably wouldn't even have to lift a finger in letting the entire campus know what had taken place here tonight.

All he had to do was whisper the word to Melissa Miller and by the end of my first class tomorrow morning the word would have spread entirely.

I looked angrily at Steve who was now kneeling on the ground holding a pair of empty frames up to his face.

Well at least he wasn't getting out of this completely unpunished.

Those glasses were ruined and probably cost a fortune.

"Look Mr. Sheppard, I swear this wasn't what it looked like," I said trying to sound as convincing as possible.

"I think it was exactly what it looked like Laney," jumped in Jason who hadn't wiped that smug grin off his face since he got here.

I went to say something in response when Professor Sheppard beat me to it.

"That's enough Mr. Fredrick's," he said sternly. Good I thought, I had hoped he would know this was all a misunderstanding, but then again I always assume things way too quickly, "I know your hurt after finding Ms. Adams with another man, but there's no need to

make an ugly situation any uglier."

"Thank you Mr. - wait what!" I said shocked.

Other man? Steve? Man? Oh my god he didn't believe me at all and worse he thought Jason was my boyfriend and I was cheating on him with Steve. That little stunt from this morning sure didn't help my case, but again I had Jason to thank for that.

I looked at Steve who looked confused and immediately went to my own defense.

"Look Mr. Hotness, I'm telling you the truth, ask Steve this is not what it looks like at all," I half laughed hoping he would see the funniness in it all.

I looked at him expecting a, 'oh of course not Laney,' but he was just looking at the ground slightly amused and embarrassed and Jason was trying hard to stifle his laughter.

"What?" I asked confused.

"Mr. Hotness?" Jason laughed.

Holy fuck! I did not say that out loud did I?

Jason of course was still laughing. I would kill him now and gladly do the time if I had to. I don't think anyone had ever been to make my blood boil as fast as he could, I truly despised him.

When is there someone to put you out of your misery when you need them too. I looked around the room for any kind of an escape, but Jason and the Professor were still blocking the door.

Sadly Steve came to my rescue, "Really Mr. Sheppard, I tripped and stumbled into her we were trying to find the light I swear."

He then turned to apologize to what he thought was me, but really a coat rack.

"Laney I'm really sorry," it was so sad, he sounded so sincere but I could care less.

"I'm over here Steve," I sighed from across the room.

"Really Laney, I'm sorry," he said staring at me with these puppy dog eyes that were a dark blue and rather beautiful. In his magnified glasses they were just scary, but now he almost looked normal and quiet good looking.

"Steve, really it's fine." I said reassuringly.

"Mr. Fredrick's, could you escort Steve back to his dorm, I don't think he will be able to find it back on his own with out his glasses and I need to talk to Ms. Adams."

Ms. Adams? What happened to Laney? I guess I really took a step backwards.

"Sure, no problem," Jason said, all to eagerly.

I shot him a wicked glare. This was not over I said with my eyes.

When Steve and Jason were finally gone Professor Sheppard closed the door. With every second he had

his back to me I felt the awkwardness fill the room until it was hard to breath.

He walked over to the sofa against the wall and sat on one end.

"Laney, why don't you have a seat," he said, his eyes were warm and his features soft. It was back to Laney so that seemed to be a good sign.

I sat on the opposite end and fidgeted with the hem of my shirt as I waited for him to say something.

"Do you know why I asked you here tonight," he asked with an arched eyebrow.

To seduce me beyond my wildest dreams?

"No sir," I mumbled.

"Remember I said you could call me Max," he said leaning his body in my direction.

"Umm Max," that just sounded weird coming from my mouth for some reason, "well I have no idea, is it my grades?" I questioned. I had thought I had a b + average and was well with in my scholarship guidelines.

"Well, partly. I noticed you've been distracted lately and then all of this," he said raising his hands in the air, "I just know you are a smart girl and I wanted to make sure you have your head focused and not in the clouds," he said caringly.

I don't know what it was, but the stress of the last couple of days just boiled over and I felt tears stinging my eyes. I blinked them back, but the emotions were still there.

He seemed to have noticed and reached out his hand placing it on top of mine.

I immediately froze and my heart skipped an entire beat.

He noticed my stiffened posture and took his hand off of mine looking away.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable."

"No, it's not that, I just... I have had a rough couple of days. It's stupid really, thanks for taking the time to notice, but I should really be going." I sighed standing

up and walking over towards the door, him fallowing.

He was now standing right besides me and very,very close. I was trying hard not to stare at his lips that seemed to be calling me towards them. Focus Laney this is not the time I reminded myself

"Well Laney if you ever want to talk, my door is always open." he said giving me his famous smile that tilted a little more to one side of his face making him look completely trusting and hotter if that was even possible.

Before I could do anything I could regret I bolted from the room nearly knocking over the janitor in the process.

****

I stood at the bottom of the steps with my hand rubbing vigorously across my forehead in attempt to some how erase the last fifteen minutes from my brain when out of no where I was pulled into a pair of strong arms and shoved against the side of the building.

"What are you doing!" I shouted alarmed and slightly pissed.

"This," he smiled before pressing his lips hard against mine and making my knees go week. He placed his hands on the small of my back, pressing his body hard against mine and a low moan escaped from deep inside his chest. This was so wrong and I couldn't believe what I was doing.

I did know however that I would instantly regret this the moment this extremely hot make out session with Jason ended for more then one reason no doubt.

Chapter 8

College Story (Chapter 8)

okay lol i have finally done chapter 8 of college story lol i have just been so busy but i have finally updated all three of my stories and i feel accomplished lol well for the time being anyway

well here it is and it starts off exactly where it left off ... her and JASON making out!! i know right what the hell is going on lol

well enjoy]

and i will try to write longer chapters for this story next time okay :))

please

vote

and

comment :))))

i love wattpad lol

chapter 8

I couldn't believe what I was doing.

Me, Laney Adams, sworn enemy to thee Jason Fredrick's, was standing here- no I don't even think you could call this standing. If it wasn't for the wall behind my back or Jason's arms wrapped tightly around my waste, my knees surely would have given way by now.

Jason was a jerk and an obnoxious asshole, but he was an amazing kisser.

My hands knotted in his hair and he groaned against my mouth kissing me hard and urgent; grinding his hips against mine and an unsuspecting moan escaped my own lips.

My breathing came out in short livid gasps of heavy air.

I broke away, urging myself to snap out of his trickery and end this delusional heaven I was finding myself in, but when I met the warm lustful gaze of his eyes, my mouth only moved to his chin and beneath his jaw until I began kissing and teasing at his neck.

Well there goes rule number three out the window. Never let your feelings get in the way of your goal? Well it was something along those lines, but I was pretty sure I was somehow breaking all three rules right now.

My lips frantically found their way back to his mouth and he smiled against my lips, that same smug smile he always had no doubt and then he had to ruin everything by opening his stupid mouth.

"I knew this is what you wanted all along," his voice was heavy and his breath was just as uneven as mine.

I wanted to pretend he hadn't just said that, but let's face it, that wasn't going to happen.

I was wrong about more than one thing right now, Jason wasn't a jerk or an obnoxious asshole, he was an arrogant prick and to conceited for his own good.

I know this was harsh, but my knee seemed to have a mind of its own when it swung forward and came into contact with Jason's-

"Ahh my groin!" Jason cried out as he fell to the ground on his knees like the dog that he was clutching his injured area.

And ewe groin? I always hated that word; I mean seriously, why do they call it groin anyways? Well I guess it's better than balls, which is exactly where I had hit him.

I leaned down and spoke clearly so he could hear me, "No Jason, that is what I wanted to do all along and don't think for one second that this changes anything, it's not over between me and you," I blew him a kiss and picked my bag up off the ground.

"You bitch," Jason squealed, "I'm going to get you for this," he said weekly.

"I'm planning on it," I said defiantly before walking away and leaving him on the ground in what I hoped was pure agony.

In fact I was planning on it. I counted on Jason being the biggest asshole that there was in order to keep me on the right path, which was never allowing his beautiful amazing lips near mine again.

I had totally lost it back there and I was pretty sure what he did to me, set me back at least ten points, but the whole groin thing might have put me ahead of the game.

I would worry about that later. Right now, I needed to get to the library and work on my bio homework. I had already messed things up with my gorgeous dream man Mr. Hotness and couldn't afford to ruin things even more by failing his test next class.

The giant sliding glass door swung open as I approached the entrance to the library and the warmth of the heated room felt comforting against my skin.

The library might be the only thing I love about this school. Out of all the unfamiliarity's that separated this new life from my old one, this one was the same. A room full of books, computers, people studying and doing homework reminded me of what I had spent so much of my time before doing and I felt the tiniest bit at home again.

God I missed home. I thought glumly about the next four years of my life and wondered if I would make it out of here alive without me and Jason killing each other off first.

I was making my way towards the nearest available seat when I spotted a cute boy sitting alone at a fairly large table.

He had his hair combed back rather neatly, but his eyes were a luscious illuminating green and the black under shirt he was wearing was nicely fit to his frame.

I know I was here to study, but what was the harm in just sharing the desk? Beside if I sat with him, there would be an available desk for someone else. So

really I was doing a kind deed for me fellow students by sitting next to this guy if you thought about it.

Deciding there was absolutely nothing wrong with it; I walked over to the empty chair across from his and took a seat.

"Hey, mind if I sit here?" I asked sweetly.

Hey I was just being friendly, so no judgment.

The boy looked up at me and smiled, there was something familiar about him, "You know I don't," he said in again a familiar voice.

"Do I know you?" I asked skeptical and a little confused.

"Oh I see," he said sadly, "You're still mad at me for earlier."

"How could I be mad at you? I just met you," I said with my brows furrowed together.

I thought I was attempting to sit next to cute not crazy and what the heck was that smell.

I wanted to gag it was so strong and smelled like barbecue and that's when I saw it, sitting next to his

books was a bag, a bag of what you might ask, well you probable already know.

Yes, corn nuts freaking stinky, disgusting corn nuts.

I really looked at the boy who didn't seem so cute anymore.

"Laney what's wrong?" he asked standing up.

Yep, there was the tucked in shirt and the classic Dockers that never failed to be a part of Steve's attire.

"Steve?" I asked.

"Who else would it be," he said completely confused.

I wanted to throw up, first I had made out with Jason and now I had just attempted to hit on Steve. Steve for crying out loud!

I clamped my head to my forehead, maybe I was delusional and coming down with that swine flu everyone's been talking about.

Nope no fever, I was fine, well mostly. I was just glad I hadn't eaten since lunch.

"I didn't recognize you," I mumbled.

"Oh it must be the contacts," he said rubbing his eyes.

He had the choice between contacts and those binoculars he called glasses and chose the glasses?

He was weirder then I thought.

"Steve, I have to ask, why do you always smell like corn nuts?" I said a little quietly.

"Hu?" he asked looking rather puzzled.

I glanced at the bag on the table and he started to laugh, which surprisingly looked cute on his face.

Wait what? Gross Laney stop this right now, that's just weird.

"There not for me, there for Lucy," he explained rubbing his eyes again. I had a feeling those contacts were more of a bother, even if they did improve his face by a million.

"Here I'll show you," he said gathering his book s and walking towards the back of the library that led straight into the lab and medical end of the school.

Reluctantly I fallowed. At least the mystery to the smell was being unraveled I told myself.

We walked down a small grey corridor with metal doors and different types of research buildings filed along the walls. I had never been down this part of school; I wasn't majoring in medicine or research so it wasn't really necessary.

After about fifteen minutes we reached a building that Steve had to enter a pass code for in order for the doors to unlock. When we walked inside, the room smelled animalistic and what I saw behind the steel bared gates caused me to take a step back.

"This," Steve said, "is Lucy."

Chapter 9

College Story (chapter 9)

Hello everyone :)))

i wrote a chapter of college story :OO woohooo lol

for a while i couldnt think of nothing to write, but then it just came ti me and i was like paige, just write what ever makes you laugh and have fun :)) and so i did!!

thanks paige lol

so this is chapter 9 and if you guys still like this story, i could write more just comment and vote if you like it

also.... love YOU GUYS !!!!!!

****

chapter 9

The sun gleamed through my window hitting me right in the face.

Time to get up Laney, I thought as I sat up groggily in bed.

I had not slept well.

Steve had taken me down to his lab the night before and the beast he had down there had given me nightmares all night. I knew it was just an animal and I was glad to have the mysterious corn nut smell resolved, but I don't think I would be going back down there again anytime soon.

Seriously, if you knew what was down there, you wouldn't be going down there again either.

In my dreams, I kept picturing this huge hairy monster chasing me down the halls. It was only when I ran into Jason and the animal threw him across the football field like a limp raggedy Anne doll had the nightmare turned into a pleasant dream.

Just his name made my mouth taste bitter.

Jason Fredrick's was a pompous jerk and operation revenge was back in play. Yesterday I had let his luscious lips and trim body distract me from my plan, but that was a mistake I would never let happen again.

Jason was going down and that was that.

I threw on the nearest pair of jeans lying next to my bed and slipped on a wrinkled black tee that was lying across my desk.

I really needed to do some laundry.

I had Mr. Hotness again today. Thank god it was just a lecture class and not a lab day. I was so tired I would probable burn the school down with an experiment gone terribly wrong.

Outside the world seemed oddly pleasant. The school wasn't surrounded by its usual gloomy gray weather and the sun was actually laying across a blue cloudless sky.

It reminded me of home. I missed lying under the California sun. My skin had gone from a brilliant tan to semi pale in the past month I had been here. I was tired of the clouds and today the change in weather made me think that maybe, just maybe today was going to be a good day, but of course I thought too soon.

The smell of overly disgustingly sweet aftershave and soap hit my nostrils.... really it was quiet nice and I had never smelled such a alluring sexy smell, but knowing it was coming from him just made me sick.

"Thinking about me?" asked jerk face or Jason.

Is it just me or does jerk face suit him better?

His breath was hot on my ear and somehow he and encircled me in his arms.

"Get off me Jason!"

He let go and I stomped ahead before turning around to face him with a death glare, "I told you Jason, don't touch me ever again, or wasn't I clear last night when I had you crawling on all fours after I kneed you where it hurts?" I laughed.

Yes, victory is mine, well for the moment anyway. I can't exactly remember the score in this ..... whatever this is, but let's just say:

Laney 100 Jerk face aka Jason Fredrick's -5.

A couple guys walking by snickered and Jason's cocky smile vanished, "Oh I haven't forgotten," he said taking a step closer to me, "that's why I stopped by," His blue eyes were reeling wickedly, "Have fun in Bio today, I'm sure Mr. Hotness I think you call him," he said laughing. Asshole! " Will want to talk to you soon. There's a line between teacher and student Laney and you just might have crossed it," his smile was not sweet, but evil and devilish.

I tilted my head and eyed him cautiously, "What are you talking about Jason?"

"You'll see." He said lightly.

He started walking towards the opposite side of campus, "Hey we have bio together, aren't you going?" I yelled.

He turned around, "No, I think it will be a whole lot safer if I skip out on class this morning, but I'll be

seeing you soon in fact I think I made sure of that," he said before turning around the corner and heading out of sight. He had a slight jog in his step and for some reason seemed eager to leave.

He was up to something.

I reached the steps to Mr. Hotness's building when a couple of girls walked out. As soon as they looked at me they started to giggle and rushed past me whispering and laughing.

What the heck?

Jason Fredrick's what are you up to and what have you done.

I walked up the stone steps and opened the door to the building. Across the hall was my class, but something was telling me I should do what Jason had done and skip it.

I took a deep breath. I was better than this, I would not be afraid of stupid arrogant Jason who has stolen two, yes two kisses from me.

They were hot, good kisses, but so what. He wasn't the kind of guy you brought home to mom and dad... and he wasn't the kind of guy who wanted to meet mom and dad for that matter. Jason was a playboy nasty and these lips would never go anywhere near him again.

Well I'm pretty sure never again... I think... ughh no never!

As I walked down the hall I noticed it didn't smell damp and musky, but sweet and flowery.

The sun was still shining and through the window I could see people lying out on the dingy grass; some were playing Frisbee, others tossed a football around.

I wish I were one of them, just having a good day with friends, but I didn't have friends here. They were all back home or off at their fancier universities and I missed them.

I stepped into the classroom that wasn;t my classroom anynore, but my very own version of what could only be my hell.

In front of me I could see nothing, but a sea of shiny red.

I held my hand to my throat that felt numb as I searched for oxygen to fill it.

Jason was going to die and I was going to kill him, no-murder him, and strangle him until he cried for mercy.

Through the chorus of laughter and chortles I tried to find my seat, but the thick stream of giant red heart shaped balloons made it impossible. There was also a very large bouquet of red roses sitting on Mr. Sheppard's (Mr. Hotness's desk), but thank god he was nowhere to be seen.

"Mr. Hotness I love you XOXO Laney Adams," Melissa Millers voice echoed over the laughter as she read what was written in black marker over every balloon. Her golden ringlets reminded me of medusas head full of snakes and I felt the urge to cut them off.

I searched my bag

Damn.

Reminder: always carry a set of emergency scissors; you never know when some mean bitch is going to really piss you off.

Okay I wasn't really going to cut off her hair... maybe a few strands, but that's it, just enough to make a statement.

I looked around and there was no Mr. Sheppard in sight.

Thank you Jesus. If i was fast, maybe I could get rid of this mess before he got here. I looked at a few students with sad eyes hoping they would help me, but they looked away towards Melissa and her pathetic posse.

I understood.

They helped me, she ruined them.

I started grabbing the strings of every balloon as fast I could. When did Jason find the time to do all this? There were so many; maybe forty heart shape balloons that had my love for my hot bio teacher declared all over them, which made me realize something.

Jason was good.

This wasn't going to be an easy game of cat and mouse, but of bear versus lion. I was going to have to fight dirty and throw that rule book out the widow.

When I gathered every balloon I made my way towards the door when it shot open and in walked a smiling Mr. Sheppard.

Even the way he walked through a door was mesmerizing. His dark hair was brushed back and his face was clean shaven like he had just got out of a hot shower.

"Hello Mr. Adams, what you got there?" He asked looking at the smothered balloons floating behind my back.

"Nothing," I said trying to walk around him towards the door when suddenly the strings fell across my hand and the balloons spread throughout the classroom.

What!

No!

"Thought you could use a little help Laney," said Melissa with a wink as she held up a pair of scissors.

She cut the strings and where did she get those scissors?

I wanted to die for maybe the third time in one week. This never ending embarrassment was starting to really get on my nerves.

Laney 100 Jason 1000000000+

He would pay for this and I had a feeling he didn't do this on his own.

Around me people continued their laughing at my expense. I couldn't bring myself to look up at Mr. Sheppard, but I could feel the tension swimming between us. I could feel my cheeks burning with a blazing scarlet blush the longer i stood staring out the window where I saw the devil himself.

Outside Jason was holding a small helium tank marked property of M.S University. His friend from the frat house ran up to him giving him a high five.

My embarrassment was turning to anger real fast.

"Miss Adams, come with me to my office please, I think we need to talk."

Great.

Reason number ten for hating this school, helium tanks and the easy access given to students. Oh and awkward talks with bio teachers about your unhealthy display of affection with flowers and ballons.

Over head thunder erupted and the patter of rain hitting the roof echoed in the room.

So much for a good day.

****

i know im mean right lol

all your guys's guessing and i skipped ahead to where your still wondering what the heck lucey is... well it will be better when she makes her appearance later on.. or is she does,,,,, muahahahaha lol

hope you guys thought this was okay

i just kind of went with it

i like wriitn this because i dont really put any seriousness into it. i kind of use it as a theraputical relaxing writing thing.. if that makes any sense lol

Chapter 10

College Story (Chapter 10)

HERE IT IS :)))

sorry it took so long, i just had to be in the proper mood to write this

well i am off to work now, i dont want to go!

but i have to :(((

well unti my next post :)))

ttys

oxoxoxo

****

chapter 10

You know that time where you just wish you could wiggle your nose and disappear?

This was one of those times.

Damn you Jason Fredrick's.

Damn you, you whore bag Melissa Miller.

Damn the whole class that had acted like a bunch of scared little rabbits and had neither helped me, or stopped snickering the entire time.

Outside Jason blew me a kiss through the window before sauntering off with his friends.

I would get him, I had to get him, he had left me no other choice, and if he thought his balls hurt the last time I had kneed him, well that was a mild affliction to what I wanted to do to him now.

Throughout high school, I had managed to glide through, seemingly unnoticed except among my small group of friends and here I was in College with a spot light fallowing me where ever I went.

I hated this college, I hated the way my incredibly hot teacher was looking at me like a poor school girl with a silly crush and most of all I hated Jason.

"Ms. Adams?"

Mister Hotness was staring at me with a warm pair of soft brown eyes, beckoning with his hand for me to fallow him into the room behind the small lab table at the front of the class.

Great.

I wanted to scream, I was so embarrassed. My cheeks burned hotly and I could feel just about every ounce of blood I had boiling beneath my skin.

As I walked by Melissa smirked a cold contemptuous smile in my direction. Oh that awful girl. What made girls like her like that anyway? With her long blond hair, filled with mild streaks of honey brown and piercing eyes, what threat was I. I was plan, ordinary and she treated me as if I was a threat against her throne.

"Don't have too much fun back there," she whispered as I walked by.

I wonder how much a hit man would cost.

When we walked back into the small office used for which ever teacher had the classroom for the period I sat on the small wooden chair in front of the desk stacked with papers and an old plant that had long since given up trying to live and hung withered in its pot.

"I didn't do that," I blurted out before Mister Hotness even had a chance to sit down behind the desk.

He smiled, it was gorgeous and for a second I almost forgot I was humiliated about what had happened and just thought about how lucky I was to be in the same small room with him, "I know that Laney," he said and I believed him, but that didn't stop me from asking him what I did next.

"How do you know?"

He sighed and leaned back into his chair folding his arms across his chest, his chest I just wanted to lean over and touch with the tips of my fingers- god Laney get a grip you perv!

Shit, even in moments of crisis and humiliation I still couldn't get this guy out of my mind.

He was smiling at me, still! Before he finally said something, "I know how these young girls can be and jealousy can be growing hell fire when put in the wrong girls hands, girls like Mrs. Miller out there," he said tilting his head towards the door where the devils spawn was just outside of, having a good laugh at my expense no doubt.

I also couldn't help but notice how he didn't call her Melissa like he called me Laney.

"Yeah, well I don't see why she would be jealous of me," I said, wishing I hadn't said anything at all. My plainness and insecurities weren't something I wanted to put out there is he hadn't noticed them yet.

"You're a very beautiful young girl Laney," he looked like he was the one wishing he could take his words back now, "what I mean is, it's obvious you've caught the eye of Mr. Fredrick's," he said standing up out of his chair and smoothing out the wrinkles of his pants.

Caught the eye of Mr. Douche bag Fredrick's? Yeah, the ruin your life until you switch schools eyes maybe.

"I don't know," I muttered, "but whatever you say Mr. Sheppard.

"You going to be alright out there?" he asked.

He was now standing right next to me and the smell of his cologne was the heavenliest scent I had ever smelt.

Heavenliest?

God what was happening to me, I sounded like something right out of a Nora Roberts novel.

Bottom line, he smelt great.

"I suppose so, don't really have any other choice right," I muttered.

He was now standing behind me, closest to the door when I felt his firm hand on the small of my back. My body went rigid. Mr. Hotness was touching me and even though it wasn't the first time, I had felt the

electric shock of his nearness, it made my bones melt.

He leaned in, so close I could feel his breath shooting tingles all along the back of my neck, "There's always a choice Laney, you can let this girl get to you, or don't," I noticed he didn't say get back at her, which is exactly what I wanted to do.

God College was making me mean and vigilante wasn't it?

"See you out there," he said before he exited the small room and left me standing there alone; practically throwing myself into withdraws from his now lacking presence.

I took a deep breath, closed my eyes and as they say thought of England. Really I don't know what that's supposed to mean or why it's a saying at all, but I did it anyway.

All I could picture were those statue like guards. You know the kind, don't move, done talk, ridiculously long hats.

Wasn't sure how that was supposed to help, but in the end I was okay. I stood up straight and walked back into the room that was now clear of any ridiculous bouquets and silly balloons with my declaration of love written all over them.

I shot Mr. Hotness a thankful nod and went over to my seat in the back of the room next to a gothic chick I hadn't talked to all semester or she hadn't talked to me that is, because I was pretty sure I had told her hi almost every day only to get glared at with her dark rimmed eyes and ghastly white face.

"That was rough."

At first I thought I was imagining things, but when I turned to face my neighbor she was studying me, "Those girls are bitches, I wouldn't let it get to you," her voice was sweeter than I would have thought it would be.

"Thanks," I said lifting my arms up onto the cold table top and leaning my head against them.

'Sure," she said turning away from me and looking back up to the front of the class room.

I guess that was it for her and I, and it was sad that she had finally decided to talk to me. I guess after what she witnessed she decided I was pathetic enough to be considered one of the freaks like her and maybe I was. Because if being like Jason or Melissa meant being normal, I would pick the gothic chick every time.

The rest of the lecture seemed to go on forever and I found it hard paying Attention in class and not just because Mr. Hotness was so easily distracting, but because I was still pretty embarrassed about what had happened.

As soon as he said class dismissed I made it my mission to be one of the first people out of there. I ran down the hall, out the door and burst into the daylight; scanning the campus for the one thing that would make me feel better.

When I spotted him I knew it was only a matter of time before I felt better and I knew just what I had to do.

Jason Fredrick's you better run.

Chapter 11

College Story (Chapter 11)

okay, so here is college story, i dont knwo if you guys think this is a funy story, but for me, this is the story i write when i think of things that make me laugh

i dont put a lot of thought into it like i do my other stories, but thats kind of the point lol its just for me to have fun with and just write so i still hope you like it... i guess its like my writing therapy lol when i just need to let loose and write silly things

well vote and comment

have a great day and ahhhhhhhhhhhh VA in 2 days!!!!!!!!im freaking the hell out man!

****

chapter 10

Okay Laney, its time to pull out the big guns.

Wait...big guns, really Laney, big guns?

Seriously I had no idea what I was talking about. I basically made up this seemingly psychotic revenge pattern as I went and frankly, I was starting to freak even myself out. When you start throwing around phrases like 'big guns,' it can only mean two things for me: 1) I had a problems and 2) I really needed better material if I was going to survive this game me and Jason seemed to be playing.

A part of me said, "Laney, your way too good for this, your smart, healthy and you have certain aspects about yourself that you got going for you."

But there was that other part of me that was winning, beating my inelegant conscious and smashing it with a rock and it was saying, "Laney, kill him!" (not physically of course) anything embarrassing would do and it was winning. Completely.

I was so angry. Humiliation was the worst kind of weapon and I knew the knot that was forming in my stomach wouldn't go away until I made him pay.

Across the yard, there was a blood drive going on. I cringed. If there was one thing I hated- besides Jason- it was a needle being inserted against my vein for thirty minutes while they filled up a bag full of my blood. Now don't get me wrong, I'm all for helping the person in need, but that didn't mean I was volunteering myself as a weekly donor.

Jason was sitting with a group of his friends I didn't know across the court yard.

I was immediately disgusted. He looked so happy, like there wasn't a care in the world besides sitting around having a laugh. It was things like that, that told me I was doing the right thing. It wasn't natural for a person to get away with doing horrible things with out even the slightest bit of guilt on their hands and I was going to set it right with an equal, if not cleverer plan of the ultimate humiliation.

There was a lot of kids out, morning classes had ended and people were either taking breaks, or walking to their next classes.

I got a few stares as I walked down the small null of a hill and down onto the grassy field that enveloped the entire middle of campus.

Some didn't even bother to hide there remarks with small whispers, they were nearly shouting, "that's the girl," the second I walked past them.

I knew what they were talking about of course. The incident with Mr. Hotness this morning was sure to be hot campus gossip. It couldn't have been the first time a college student had crushed on her professor, but setting up a very public display was a little over the top, but then again I had Jason to pay for that. I don't think I would ever look at balloons or roses the same again.

Looking around to make sure no one was paying attention to me, I walked into the tented blood drive facility and swiped a white lab jacket off the back of a chair and pulled a clip board off the table as I walked past the unsuspecting phlebotomist's.

Once I was in the clear, I pulled my hair back into a pony tail and slipped the jacket on.

I took a deep breathe. I could do this, it would be fine and it really wasn't that mean, was it?

I smiled. Yes, it was pretty mean and if someone ever did this to me, I would probably have a nervous breakdown, but Jason was a strong boy and had to have some kind of tolerance in this kind of thing.

I dug through my bag for my old reading glasses I never used anymore, but carried around for emergencies.

Once they were on, I stood up straight, put on my serious A-game face and walked over towards Jason and his friends.

I stood there, but no one made the slightest look in my direction.

"Mr. Fredrick's?" I asked.

Nothing. Stupid jocks.

I cleared my throat, "Mr. Fredrick's!" I said again, this time catching their attention.

Jason looked up and frowned, "Laney?" he asked with a laugh as he scanned my outfit.

"Laney?" I asked confused, "dear god we just had an appointment this morning I'm Mrs. Halibaster, remember?" I said forcing the corners of my mouth to stay put and do anything, but smile.

Jason scowled and stood up, "Laney," he said narrowing his eyes and brushing his hair back, "I don't know what your up to but-" I cut him off.

"Really Mr. Fredrick's, again with this Laney nonsense, I told you I'm Mrs. Halibaster." oh this is fun.

His friends were staring at him with confusion and then back at me.

Jason sat back down and gave me his oh so confident smirk, "Okay then, lets see what you got, 'Mrs. Halibaster."

He was laughing a little, mostly to himself. I had the feeling he was indulging me, and didn't think for a second I could do anything that would really hurt him.

"Are you sure you want to do this in front of everyone," I asked with raised eyebrows.

I would give him a chance to get away, just so I could do this with a clear mind, but that was as far as my good nature would go.

He eyed me carefully.

His dark eyes twinkling with over confident male bravado before he smiled, "Not at all, please," he said, "go on with whatever it is you have to tell me," he finished with the wave of his hand.

I smiled and sat down across from him, "Very well," I sighed.

I took my seat and put on my most serious face, "It seems that the burning feeling you were encountering while urinating is exactly what we expected," Jason's jaw nearly smacked against the floor and his flawless skin was turning from mild pink, into a blazing gush of red scarlet, "Yes," I nodded, " I'm so sorry Jason." dear god I almost snorted, "Now I'll need to talk to the young lady you were involved with," I pretended to scan through the

clip board I was holding, "The Ms. Melissa Miller, I'm sure she will want to be informed,' there was some muffled laughter, but I didn't see from who.

When I looked around, a few of his friends had scooted away from Jason who was now standing up and towering over me in his seat, "Laney so help me god tell them this is just a joke or it will be the last thing you do," he warned. The glint in his eye was dangerous, but I didn't back down.

I looked over at his friends with a sorry expression, "This news is hard for anyone to take and the whole Laney business must be a way for him to try and cope with the shock. No one wants to hear they have developed a serious STD," I explained.

"Laney!" he barked.

I arched my brow, or tried to anyway, "Look Mr. Fredrick's, I'm only responding to your little...visit you gave me this morning, now if you'll excuse me, I believe my work here is done," I said smirking at Jason who was looking at me murderously.

I ushered my way through the crowded grounds, ignoring the shouts of Jason behind me. Discarding my white lab coat in the nearest trash can I hurried towards the other end of campus where I might be able to ditch Jason and the consequences of what I had just done. The look on his face had been priceless and I knew right away he hadn't thought I had it in me, but it appears I had tons of surprises in me lately that were starting to spill out.

"Laney, stop right there, this isn't over!" Jason shouted as I ducked behind the nearest building to my right. Kids had started to become scarce on this end of school and I used any solid covering to shield me from Jason's view, but even things like trash cans and trees seemed vacant on this end.

I was out of breathe and worried about being late to my next class that started in twenty minutes. Jason had to give up some time.. didn't he?

I made my final mistake when I turned down a dead end. The building cut out and finalized into a solid brick wall, leaving me out in the open, and in plan sight for Jason.

I turned around, slowly, arms folded across my chest and head held high.

Of course he was standing there.

Of course he was smirking.

Of course he looked triumphant like he had won.

And of course I had wound up at this dead end completely defensively.

Reason number twelve for hating this school, dead ends and stupid brick walls.

Reason number thirteen, fourteen and fifteen, Jason Fredrick's, Jason Fredrick's, Jason Fredrick's.

"Let's just get this over with shall we," I said trying to sound brave, but slightly uneasy.

He wouldn't kill me right?

No, no he just wanted to get a little yelling out of his system.. I think.

I was suddenly a little uneasy and apprehensive and started backing away.

"Look Jason, you embarrassed me so I got you back, let it go," I said shakily.

That murderous look was still etched across his face. He took a large step towards me until my back was pressed against the brick wall and my heart was beating- no thumping against my chest like it was about to burst.

"Laney," he said my name with a cold linguid tone that freaked the hell out of me.

"Yes?" I asked or whispered, because I barely heard the words myself.

"Shut up would you," he said smiling a tilted smirk.

"But-" I was cut off by Jason pressing his body against mine and trapping me against the wall.

"I don't really like you, you know that," he brushed some hair over my ear slowly with his hand, "in fact I think I hate you a little," he said looking down at me, his face inches away from mine.

Okay, was it fair to say I was confused more then just a little? Oh and a little uncomfortable from the

closeness of his mouth. His beautiful, delicious mouth that was connected to the face of the devil... or the devil's son because this was not a good guy, this was the guy I hated.

I turned my face so I wasn't looking at him because I'm pretty sure that's what did it. Looking into those eyes was like setting a huge cake in front of a fat kid and in this case I was that fat kid. You don't think about how bad it is for you, you just want to eat it up.

But that didn't stop Jason.

Oh no, he leaned forward and his breathe trickled across the side of my neck, until I felt the soft, warm feel of his lips brushing against my skin and trailing up to the corner of my jaw line.

And then, just as quick as he had started this sick, twisted foreplay, he pulled away from me.

Thank god, because I did not enjoy a second of that, I was totally disgusted.

God I was a bad liar, even when I was trying to lie to myself I didn't believe a word.

I opened my eyes, not even realizing I had closed them for however long and stared back at a proud looking Jason.

"You got me good, Mrs. Halibaster was it?" he said with a laugh that made my skin crawl and my hands clinch into fists.

He was so god damn smug.

"You'll be hearing from me soon."

Then he left.

He left me standing there completely baffled by the contact we had just shared and angry at his last words.

I needed to talk to Steve, he was the only one who could help me get Jason back for good, and even though I was still freaked out about Lucy, I had a good idea where he would be.

Until then, I had appointment in my history 101 class and revenge would just have to wait.

I was glad my next teacher was an old guy who sounded like he had a plugged nose when he talked.

And I would by lying if I said my thoughts didn't drift to Jason and the way my neck still tingled.

Again, in a totally gross way.... I think.

****

okay so theres chapter 10

im not sure which story iw ill up load next.. maybe immortal or under monlight will see because its been a while

but i wont get started on those till after 8 because i have to go to work

have a good one guys and vote and comment :))))

Chapter 12

College Story (Chapter 12)

okay so here's college story

i kind of had to force this, because its been so long so sorry if its not what you guys want, but i will have better stuff planed for the next chapter

hope you guys are doing good

read vote and comment

love yeah guys :)))))))

****

chapter 12

The words tupid, arrogant, smug, cocky, and total douche bag equaled to one very hated Jason Fredrick's.

I could spend the whole afternoon cursing and damning him to hell, but that would mean missing my afternoon, and evening classes which was something I couldn't afford based on the contract of my scholarship.

I closed my eyes and took long, deep calming breaths.

I was trying to calm myself down, but how on earth would that be possible when I could only think of one thing, my failure?

Today I had been so close to redeeming myself. The look on Jason's face with the STD stunt I pulled on him would be forever cherished in my mind, but what had happened afterwards was what upset me.

Jason had cornered me in a dead end and played my own traderous hormones against me. I could still smell the sweet, after shave that fallowed him in a wave of heavenly goodness and it made me sick for a number of reasons.

One, I shouldn't like the way he smelled, and two I definitely, definitely shouldn't love the way he smelled either.

I was forgetting everything I was supposed to remember.

The rule book stated very clearly that you don't get to close to the enemy. That you never make out with the enemy, and that you definitely don't wish that the enemy would kiss you when the enemy was standing desirably close.

If I hadn't been surrounded by a number of students who probably already thought I was a total weirdo, I would scream into the sky like a complete crazy woman. I had never been so frustrated, confused and conflicted by my revenge- 'carrying out until the job was done ethics'- in my life.

I needed some kind of distraction- no, any kind of distraction because I was only a weak eighteen year old girl and I couldn't be held responsible for what my crazy and insanely hungry hormones were capable of.

So did I really hate Jason Fredrick's?

Yes!

Of course I did.

I Laney Adams hated the Jason Fredrick's. A lot!

But hate isn't blind and not even I couldn't ignore how utterly gorgeous he was. When I was around him, I could feel my heart beat rapidly in my chest and my mind wonder from revenge to other things I would prefer to do to him. Horrible and impossible things that I had to push from my mind because Jason Fredrick's was not someone I could crush on. I was planning a fully fledged revenge scheme against him, and nothing romantic could ever come from that.

I knew that most of what I felt was angry tension from all of the intolerable acts he had tormented me with, but I would be lying if I said some of it wasn't something else entirely.

So I closed my eyes and said 'Laney Adams! You push that boy from your mind!'

I also visualized an instant replay on all the things he had put me through in the past week.

He had embarrassed me beyond any line of forgiveness and no matter how hot and sweet his kisses were, he was still a horrible excuse for a human being and I could not forget that. Not ever.

I knew there was no way I could take Jason down alone. Sure I was smarter than him, but he had a lot more evil bones in his body and I was no match against that kind of evil, so help was a necessary yes.

I would have to find Steve right away and get him to dig up any possible dirt on Jason that he could.

The last time I had talked to Steve he had revealed to me the secret behind his horrendous corn nut odor that fallowed him around where ever he went and I hoped he had taken my advice and stopped carrying around the odd treat for his lab rat Lucy and gone for a more odorless alternative instead.

Now the thing about Lucy was that she was the labs observational experiment, but she was not in fact an actual rat. But what else scientist call the animals

they kept in their labs because Lucy was big, hairy and lab beast just sounded silly.

My next class was philosophy with old Mr. Peterson. He was old and carried around a tattered suit case filled with books and scribbled note pads he would sporadically write in during the middle of class. He was one of those crazy geniuses you couldn't really tell were just so unbelievable smart that their sporadic behavior was normal, or if they were just plan crazy.

When I walked into class i noticed Mr. Peterson was dressed in an old Hawaiian t-shirt with black slacks and a beanie on his head.

Tosay I was leaning more towards crazy.

The class was a bore and instead of paying attention to his lecture on cultural expectations that ancient Rome provided to fallow in the twenty first century I was fixated on the way Melissa Miller was glaring daggers at me every time she looked over her shoulder.

There was no question that she had already caught wind to the stunt I had pulled and if she was pissed I didn't blame her.

From the stories I've heard Melissa Miller was basically the college tramp and news spreading around campus that she an std carrying whore bag was not good for her social life.

So I had definitely put a damper on the extracurricular activities she carried out beyond the walls of the classroom, but she deserved it just as much as Jason did.

Melissa Miller had played a role in Jason's scheme and if she was a part of the team working against me then getting caught up in the heat was bound to happen sooner or later.

That didn't mean she wasn't making me nervous as hell though.

Class would be over in less than a minute and judging by the still death penetrating glare in Melissa's eyes I would be having a chat with her after class.

"Until we meet next Thursday ladies and gentlemen," Mr. Peterson bowed and began packing up his supplies.

He was so strange, but at the moment he was my only hope in making it out of here safe and sound.

I picked up my bag and slung it over my shoulder. Peeking through the hair clouding my face I could see Melissa waiting by the door as she tapped her foot up and down impatiently as she waited for me to join her.

"Umm Mr. Peterson," I said quickly, "Let me carry your suit case for you today." I didn't even wait for him to answer. Instead I hauled the heavy tan colored suit case off the table and nearly fell over from the weight.

This thing must have weighed a hundred pounds from the amount of books he had shoved in here.

I looked over at Mr. Peterson who was rifling through some papers on his desk. He had long skinny arms and a slender build. He also looked like he was a

hundred years old so how the hell he carried this suit case around all day was beyond me.

"Laura is it?" he asked me.

"Laney," I answered.

He scowled and walked around hus desk until he was standing in front of me,"Give me my bag dear, and please leave my classroom. I'm already aware of your flirtatious and romantic gestures towards Mr. Sheppard and if you're trying to pawn your college school girl moves on me your barking up the wrong tree. I'm a happily married man and have been for thirty years."

He ripped the suitcase from my hand and left me standing there with my mouth hanging open.

I gritted my teeth, no longer afraid of Melissa, but extremely pissed. I could feel the wave of courage washing over me with every profound step that brought me closer to the door where she stood waiting for me.

"What is it Melissa?" I sighed.

She smiled and it wasn't sweet either. It was menacing and devilish and holding with it the promise of torment.

"I heard about what you did out in the square today, and if you think I'm going to let you get away with something like that," she said taking a step closer to me, "you're wrong."

That wave of courage I felt before became nothing more than a shallow puddle somebody had just stepped in the longer she stared me down.

I went to open my mouth, to say something witty or smart. Something that would leave her with a slightly gaping mouth like mine was at this very moment, but nothing came out and I sort of just stood there like an idiot.

"Now if I were you," she said sweetly, " I'd enjoy the rest of the day,because something tells me tomorrows going to be a real bitch."

She pushed my shoulder and walked past me, swinging her long blond hair behind her neck and swaying her hips like she was walking on a run way.

Reason number seventeen for hating this school, ex beauty queen snobs telling me tomorrow was going to be a real bitch.

I stood there clenching my fists and regretting being such a coward.

"You shouldn't take that from her."

I looked across the hall and found Steve leaning against the long wooden frame that separated the classroom from the hallway.

He had gotten his glasses back, and must have done some laundry because his famous Dockers and tucked in plaid shirt were back in place.

I knew he wasonly trying to be nice, but I didn't need the campus nerd taking pity on me, "Maybe you should take your own advice and worry less about me and more about yourself," I said slightly more colder then I had intended.

Steve frowned and looked down at his shoes, "You're probably right, but you're a lot tougher then I am Laney."

Well now I just felt bad.

"Look Steve, I'm sorry, it was a ....rough day if you know what I mean."

Steve looked like he was trying not to smile and pulled a popped balloon out of his pocket that read 'marry me Mr. Sheppard', "I know I heard."

I groaned and ripped the balloon out of Steve's hand before shoving it into my bag. Was my life becoming this bad, where people like Steve could make cracks at me?

"Not funny Steve."

"Yeah I know," he shrugged, "but it's not every day I have a chance to make fun of someone else," he laughed.

"Well don't get used to it," I said.

A few awkward minutes passed before Steve spoke again, "So I actually came here looking for you," he said nervously, "if I remember correctly you needed my help?" he asked.

I smiled at Steve and nodded my head, "Yeah that would be great."

We walked outside and the sun from the afternoon beat down heavily on the grassy field scattered with students and campus faculty. I spotted Jason sitting with his friends and looked away when his eyes spotted me.

"Come on Steve," I said taking the sleeve of his shirt in my hand and steering him towards the library, "We have work to do."

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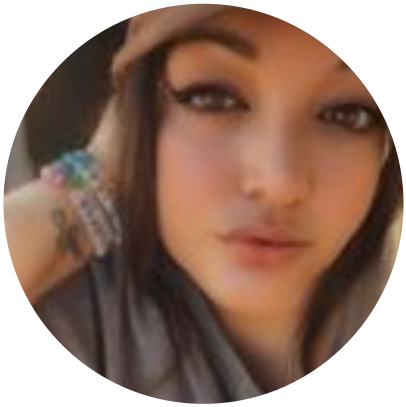
okay you guys i hope you liked it

have a goof fourth of July :)))))))

how could you not, anyhting involving fireworks has to be fun :))

About the Author



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